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AS HE UNDERSTANDS IT.

"OH, CHARLIE! I ALMOST WISH I WERE NOT RICH. I AM AFRAID YOU WOULD NOT LOVE ME IF THE MONEY SHOULD GO."

"AT ANY RATE, IT IS BETTER TO HAVE LOVED AND LOST THAN NEVER TO HAVE LOVED AT ALL."

· LIFE ·



"GOELET CUP" FOR SCHOONERS,
WON BY "SACHEM."

WE MAKE
SOLID SILVER ONLY,
AND OF BUT
ONE GRADE, THAT OF STERLING $\frac{925}{1000}$ FINE;
THEREFORE
PURCHASERS SECURE
ENTIRE FREEDOM FROM
FALSE IMPRESSIONS,
AND THE QUESTION
"IS IT SILVER OR IS IT PLATED?"
IS NEVER RAISED
CONCERNING
A GIFT BEARING OUR
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NEW YORK.

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Is the name of the new 20-hour train of the

NEW YORK CENTRAL

between New York and Chicago,—every day in the year.

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AGE

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Manufacturers of

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For Town and Country Use.

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A SPECIALTY.

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Subscribers wishing address changed will greatly facilitate matters by sending old address as well as new.



"MISS BELLE, I AM SIXTY-EIGHT, BUT I HAVE ONE MILLION IN GOVERNMENT BONDS. DO YOU THINK I AM TOO OLD FOR YOU?"
 "NO, INDEED. YOU'RE ABOUT TEN YEARS TOO YOUNG!"

A LITTLE TOO MORAL.

THAT the opening of the World's Fair on Sundays should have succeeded even as well as it did, points a great big moral.

What theatre could expect so much success from a play in which only those actors appeared who approved of the piece?

The workingman shows he is not a fool when he refused to pay for a show which is not on exhibition.

HIS EXPERIENCE.

SHE : Do come to Bar Harbor, Cousin Tom. I know a nice girl with lots of money.

COUSIN TOM (*dejectedly but firmly*) : You don't. Nice girls never have a cent.

PENELOPE : Are you engaged to Dorothy Bronson?

BOB : Really, I don't know. Ask *her*!



"While there's Life there's Hope."

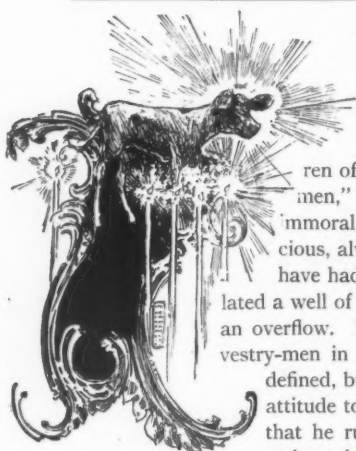
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THOSE were unkind remarks about the vestry-men, that Mr. Henry A. Adams made in his valedictory message to his late brethren of the Episcopal church. "Rich men," he calls them, "sometimes immoral, often ignorant, usually officious, always in the way." He must have had sore trials to have accumulated a well of bitterness capable of so acrid an overflow. There are a good many rich vestry-men in the Episcopal church as he defined, but his impatient and resentful attitude toward them is proof in itself that he ruined his vocation when he undertook to be an Episcopal parson.

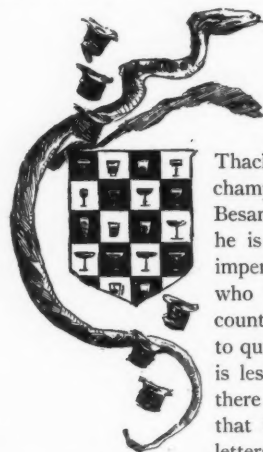
Vestry-men are one of the conditions necessarily precedent to being an American rector, and the fitness of an individual for that calling appears in nothing more distinctly than in his ability to steer his vestry in the direction that his conscience persuades him they ought to take. They are his tools. If he cannot use them it means that he has mistaken his job.

THEY are liable to embarrass him. Undoubtedly. So his stockholders are liable to embarrass the editor; so his ward politicians may embarrass the statesman; but if the editor wins the confidence of his stockholders they will yield to his judgment, and if the statesman has in him the true qualities of political leadership his henchmen will endure extremities of discipline at his hands. It is not extraordinary that Mr. Adams should not have hit it off with his vestries. What is remarkable is the lengths to which vestries have been induced to go by rectors who were true masters of their profession. Vestries cannot be bossed; they have to be led. The inference that is most potent with them is the conviction that the parson knows his business, and that to back him in his desires is the best and quickest way to get the right thing done.

THE parson who can bring a strong vestry under that sort of conviction is very much of a man. He must com-

bine the wisdom of the serpent and the harmlessness of the dove in the correct spiritual proportions. He must be sure and disinterested in his ultimate aspirations, and yet reasonably flexible as to his details. He must be spiritually minded enough to discern that a church may make money and yet be a failure, and he must have common sense enough about matters mundane to recognize that a church that cannot meet its financial obligations cannot be much of a success.

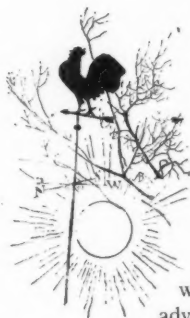
There are such men among the Episcopal clergy, and their vestries get on with them, and even glory in them, and lament and wail when their brethren spy them out and choose them to be bishops.



and prospecting millionaires than it did when Thackeray made his visit.

IT is probable that if Mr. Besant escapes from Chicago with an unimpaired liver he has nothing to fear from American hospitality anywhere else. We have the word of Mr. Julian Ralph, that Chicago drinks like St. Petersburg, and that New York seems abstemious beside it.

But the truth is, no doubt, that Mr. Besant's time is strictly limited, and that he can only spare enough of it to see the Fair, and test the quality of New England rum, as set before him by the descendants of the Puritans.

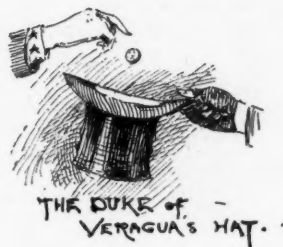
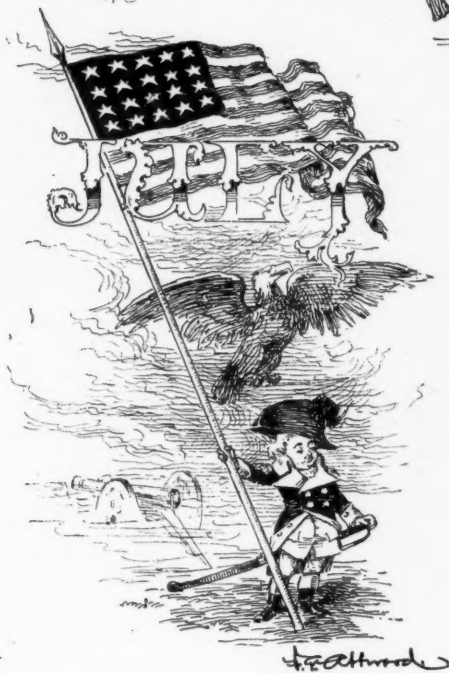


OUR neighbor, the *Sun*, mentions that Mr. Goelet's new, hired yacht carries three cooks, "one of which is for the crew alone." Our contemporary does ill to speak of sea-cooks as though they were anchors or back-stays, or parts of the yacht's insensate apparatus. How would it like to be fed on the output of a cook who was a mere mechanical apparatus without a soul? To speak of editors or advertisers as "which" may be permissible, but in allusions to cooks, the word to use is "whom."



RIOTS IN PARIS.

FRANCE AND SIAM.



HELP!



VIC'S CHICKS.



'THE DOUBLY DEAD IN THAT IT DIED SO YOUNG.'



FRESH ARRIVAL OF CITY VISITORS AT LIFE'S FARM.

EVERY Wednesday morning the children who have been at LIFE's Farm a fortnight return to the city, and every Wednesday afternoon a fresh band arrives. The new comers are often a sad little army to look upon, and present a strong contrast to the sunburnt rioters who departed in the morning. They are entering a very different world from the one of hot bricks and bad smells they left behind them about an hour ago.

Previously acknowledged. \$2,678.68
 K. M. R. 5.00
 Willie and Freddie S. 40.00
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 Miss Susan J. Appleton. 100.00
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"HOW do you know he married her for her money?"
 "I've seen her."



KNOCK-DOWN EFFECTS IN LIFE AND ART.

DORRIFORTH—It (the contemporary multitude) is huge and good natured and common. It likes big, unmistakable, knock-down effects; it likes to get its money back in palpable, computable change. It's in a tremendous hurry, squeezed together, with a sort of generalized gape, and the last thing it expects of you is that you will spin things fine. You can't portray a character, alas, or even, vividly, any sort of human figure, unless, in some degree you do that. . . . To-day it's cruel, because our old ideals are only dying. . . . We shall eventually lay them tidily away.—*Henry James in "After the Play."* (Picture and Text: Harpers.)

Mr. James is making his character talk about the theatre in this lament for the old ideal, but what he says is equally true of fiction. In a novel, as well as on the stage, the contemporary multitude wants "big, unmistakable, knock-down effects." That is why it runs in turn after what is bizarre, gaudy, unusual—Haggard, Gunter, Bellamy, or Conan Doyle. After all, it is simply another phase of the pride of the eye which has captured the world. It shows itself in elaborate architecture and "real water" on the stage; in gorgeous descriptions of strange lands in fiction, with plenty of color for the eye to take hold of; in toys for children which are the real thing in miniature; in naval parades which are simply aggregations of color and sound, for grown men; and in the most wonderful realization of the dreams of architects and artists in a White City of jute and plaster for the amusement of the world.

The only idealism left is the idealism which appeals to the eye—and that isn't idealism at all. It is something which you can make *real* if you have Money enough—and the money is the root of the whole business. If a nation becomes so rich that men are everywhere able to make actual the things which in more meagre times were simply "castles in the air," then the senses capture it. There is no admiration left for the finer things that can neither be bought nor sold. The man who cannot achieve something for the eye to take hold of is a failure, and everybody knows it, the man himself most acutely.

All this simplifies the standard by which men are judged. It no doubt condemns to failure many who in a less material age would have been poets and heroes. But it has its compensations. It has rid the world of a great deal of humbug which used to masquerade as superior knowledge, backed up by "authority." There never was a greater slave-driver than Authority; he put his shackles on children and kept them on till they died. There was no appeal from a Great Name hurled at you by a small man who seldom comprehended what the name stood for.

Nowadays, it is easy to take the terror out of a great name by simply asking what he was worth when he lived; did he build a great railroad, or castle, or steamship, or own a city. If you can't point to something visible, palpable,

aggressively big, your boy or man won't respect your authority in the least.

It really isn't entirely bad to have some absolute standard of measurement like this materialistic one. There was *some* virtue in the old system of grading by units and tenths at college; it at least showed pretty plainly who were the dunces of a class—the weak men, without ambition and application. Where it egregiously failed was in gauging the finer minds of the class—the upper twenty per cent.

So it seems that a materialistic standard rids the world of a good many fools, though it fails to reveal many of its wisest men.

In Mr. James's own art of fiction-writing the demand of the multitude for "knock-down effects" has no doubt helped to rid contemporary stories of a great deal of sermonizing and digression, which used to pass for "psychological introspection." At the same time it has kept the multitude from fully appreciating that finer art which depicts the intricacies of character—an art which has reached one of its rarest phases in the subtle work of Mr. James himself.

Droch.

NEW BOOKS.

MISS HONORIA. By Frederick Langbridge. London and New York: Frederick Warne and Company.



"ACTIVITY IN REAL ESTATE."



THE LAND OF T
WHAT YOU MAY SEE ALONG T



LAND OF THE SIREN.

AY SEE ALONG THE AMERICAN COAST.

HIS GRIP WAS ALL RIGHT —



THE BAFFLED STUDENT.

"H E'S an entomologist. Just been to New Jersey to study the mosquito."

"Why did he leave?"

"Found out that instead of learning entomology, he was teaching anthropology."

PROSPECT HEIGHTS: You're a nice man to talk about Brooklyn. I don't believe you even know where it is.

MURRAY HILL: Ah, but I do. It is one of the stations on the road to Coney Island.

THE BEST THING OUT—A conflagration.

TRYING IT ON.

"IS Mr. Saunders MacPherson in?"

"It is my name, sir."

"Ah! I am Doctor Wilgus Williams. Possibly you have heard of me as head surgeon of the New Utrecht hospital. No... I have made some hazardous operations there with excellent results, and I suppose that is the reason why your employers and associates have intrusted me with a little commission, so to call it, with reference to yourself."

"But I'm wanting no surgeons, sir."

"Excuse me; they claim that you do. In fact, I have been asked by them to come and perform an operation on you."

"My employers bade you do that? It is incredible!"

"Not at all. Allow me to come in and explain? Thank you. May I put my instrument case on this table? Never mind the bag; that is only for the sponges—for blood and ether, you know."

"Excuse me for a minute." Mr. MacPherson, rather pale and shaky, retired behind a screen and breathed hard. When he came out he also breathed spirits. A little of his color had come back and he had assumed an air half defiant, half conciliatory. "I never knew," said he, "such an amazing piece of interference with the private rights of a man as this. In my own country, sir, a man is allowed the liberty to choose his own surgical operations. But if, as you say, my employers desire it, I will at least listen to what you have to say regarding it."

"Well, it is this, and pardon me for speaking frankly: You cannot understand a joke."

Mr. MacPherson dropped into thought for a while, but he seemed to feel easier afterward: "And are they not through dinging that most measurable statement into the ears of the people?" he asked.

"They say that your inability to see anything funny in their conversation throws a gloom over the whole place, and when you go to them and ask to have their humorous things explained to you, it takes a great deal of their time. In justice to them, as well as out of consideration to yourself, they beg that you will undergo a little pain for the sake of a great deal of pleasure and benefit that will come after."

"But, my heavens man, what for?"

"Surely, you know that a Scotchman cannot understand a joke without undergoing a surgical operation."

"'Tis a senseless statement, sir. I have a brother who not only takes *Punch*, but once wrote a very pretty witticism for it. Let me see; it was like this: 'Why is a—Why is a'—strange that I should forget it, for 'twas very amusing."





The other man shuddered in his turn, but he looked relieved when he found the Scotchman's memory had a flaw in it. "Come," he said rather sternly, "We may as well begin."

"You're surely not expecting—"

"Oh, yes, indeed. But it's a simple operation. It can be performed without your knowing it, and we hope that after it is done you will be able to laugh at all the bright things that are said in your place of business, and even to say some yourself. Just think of what you have missed."

"But I shall resist it, sir."

"What, the joking?"

"I never was more serious."

"But, then, you never were anything else but serious. Come, sir, a little excision of the pia mater to secure liberty for the duller obligato and a little traction on the humerus—that's all."

"I never will submit to it, sir. I'll have in the police. My employers are taking a most unwarrantable course, sir. I was not hired for purposes of veevisection. Besides, who could understand such jokes as they make in that office?"

"Ha, ha! That's not so bad, for a Scotchman. Now, if you will lie down on this table for about ten minutes and breathe through this sponge you will soon be able to do better. I will call my assistant."

"No, no! I'll not allow it. This is outrageous."

"You refuse?"

"Absolutely."

"Then I may as well confess that this was all in fun."

"What was in fun, sir?"

"Why, this—my coming here—my proposing to have an operation on you—it's all a joke."

"What is a joke?"

"Why, as I said, this whole thing. I am no physician. The case there is full of comic papers."

"How dare you come here on such a piece of pretence?"

"Your friends in the office said to me yesterday, 'Saunders MacPherson was never known to take a joke in his life. Now you go and make one so plain that he can't help seeing it.'"

"Then why didn't you do it, instead of coming here and threatening and worrying?"

"But that is the joke, I tell you."

"What is?"

"Of all the dull—see here: You'll have to submit to that operation after all."

"But you said you were not a doctor. You have told a deliberate

falsehood, sir. I can hardly find it in me to excuse my employers, or you either, sir."

"I'm not doctor enough for this."

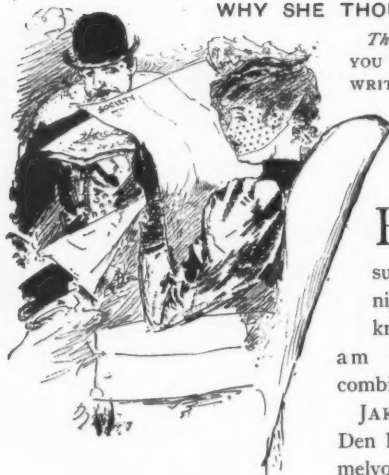
"You may tell my employers that I am in the best of health and have a plentiful understanding of humor. To prove it, now, I'll tell you the witticism that was in *Punch*. It was in 1854. 'Why is my boot equal—'"

The bogus doctor had started to fly. He was impelled from the door into the street. Mr. MacPherson closed the door and chuckled: "I wonder whom the joke is on."



BUT THE STRAP WAS WEAK.

WHY SHE THOUGHT SO.



The Poet: WHAT LED YOU TO THINK I HAD QUIT WRITING POETRY?

She: YOUR LAST BOOK OF VERSE.

RASTUS: Wha' foh yoh wear such a necktie as dat, niggah? Doan yoh know red and green am an inhommonious combination?

JAKE: Am dat so? Den how 'bout er watermelon?



"FO' DE LAWD'S SAKE, MALACHI, WHAT DOIN' STANDIN' IN DAT 'DICKLUS POSITION'?"

"MODDER DONE PUT A MUSTARD PLASTER ON MA BACK LARSE CHRISMUS, AND CLAR DONE FORGOT ALL ABOUT IT TILL DIS YAR FOFE JULY."



He: I HOPE THAT GENTLEMAN BELIEVED IN THE DOCTRINE OF RE-INCARNATION.

She: WHY?

He: BECAUSE, OTHERWISE, HE MAY DISAGREE WITH US.

A TALE OF THE SEA.

Written in the Silly Season.

Prefatory.

A POET'S mind got off its hooks
Once on a Summer's day;
And sitting on a pile of books
'Twas this he had to say:

The Condition of Affairs.

A good ship rode at anchor
On the top of a mountain peak;
And the captain had a canker
Inside of the first mate's cheek.

The Uprising.

Then up the crew did mutiny
While they were all asleep;
But at the captain's scrutiny
Their ears began to weep.

The Fearful Punishment.

He tied them all, both hands and feet,
With cobwebs from the hold;
And gave them nought to eat but meat,
And paid them nought but gold.

Tom Hall.

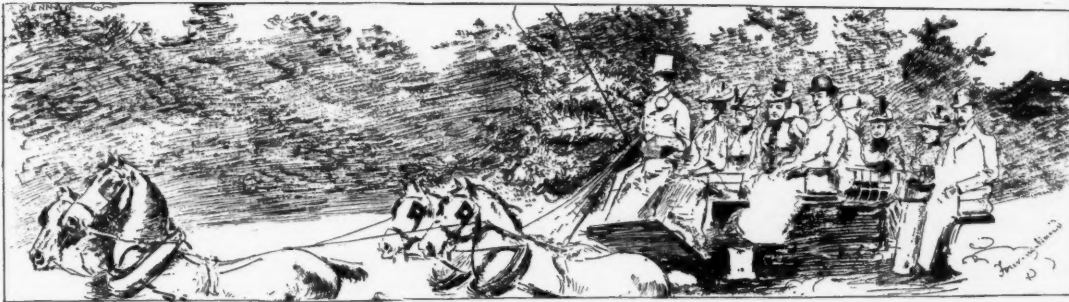
A RESULT OF HOT WEATHER.

CHAPERONE: Girls, one of the gentlemen who goes with us to the theatre to-night is a widower who wishes to marry again. He is a nice man.

THE GIRLS (in one breath): An ice man? I'll take him.

FOREIGNER (on a suburban train): Who is that distinguished looking gentleman, showing so much attention to that ordinary looking woman beside him?

BINTHER: Oh, that is De Fitz-Smith returning from town with a new cook.



THE SORT OF THING THAT OCCASIONALLY CONFRONTS YOU WHEN YOU THINK YOU ARE HAVING A QUIET SELF-RESPECTING TIME IN THE COUNTRY, AND HAVE ALMOST FORGOTTEN THE POMPS AND VANITIES OF THE ALMIGHTY DOLLAR.

QUEERED HIMSELF.

ELDER BERRY: Joblots made a bad break in church to-day.

MRS. BERRY: What did he do?

ELDER BERRY: Subscribed ten dollars toward sending Dr. Thirdly to Europe, and offered to double the amount if they would make it Africa.

ROGER, aged six, had been fishing with his father the day before, and a friend of the family asked him what luck they had had.

"Well," he replied, "we didn't have very good luck. The first place we went to the man wasn't home and the other two places the man said he hadn't more'n enough for his own family."



FOR THE STOMACH'S SAKE.

Wife: WHOM WILL YOU BRING TO DINNER?

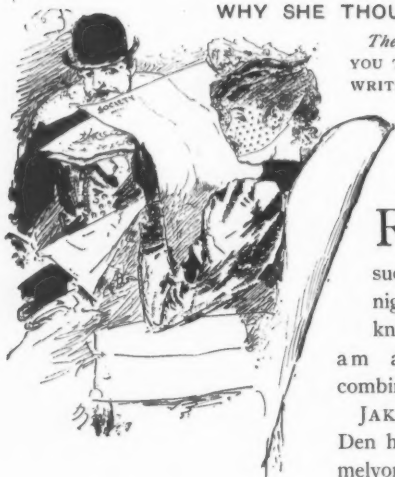
Husband: COL. GORE AND SOME FRIENDS OF HIS FROM KENTUCKY.

Wife: NOT THE REGULATION TOPERS, I HOPE?

Husband: NO. THE COLONEL SAID THEY WERE MODERATE DRINKERS.

Wife: WELL, IF THAT'S SO, I'LL JUST PUT A BUCKET OF COGNAC ON THE BUFFET WITH A DIPPER IN IT.

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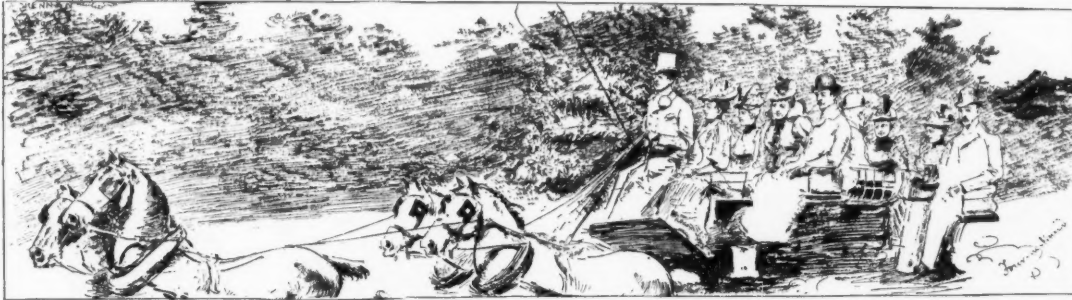
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A PSALM OF LIFE IN THE SOUTH.

LIVES ob hones' men remind us
Dat ter wrong we musn't stoop;
Dat we musn't leave behind us
Footprints roun' de chicken-coop.—*Denison (Tex.) Herald.*

A SYMPATHETIC lady on one occasion stepped up to the bed-side of a soldier lying in a hospital during the war, and inquired:

"Well, my poor man; is there anything you want?"
"No, miss, I b'leeve not."
"You're sure there is nothing I can do for you?"
"Nothin' I can think of."
"Oh, I do want to do something for you—can't I wash your hands and face?"
"Wall, if yo' want to do *that*, I reckon' yo' kin, but yo'll be the fo'teenth lady who's done that same thing this mo'ning."—*Argonaut.*

"MA," said a newspaper man's son, "I know why editors call themselves 'we.'"
"Why?"
"So's the man who doesn't like the article will think there are too many people for him to tackle."—*Washington Star.*

PRINCE ADOLPHUS of Schaumburg-Lippe is the hero of the following story:
During the congress of princes held in Frankfort in the year 1863, a banquet was given by the authorities, to which the notables of the city were invited. The Sovereign Princes of the German Confederation sat apart from the rest of the company, and were engaged in an animated conversation, when suddenly there was a general commotion among the illustrious guests. The crowned heads rose from their seats to welcome an insignificant little gentleman who had joined the circle. To everybody's astonishment Prince Adolphus alone kept his seat. Then the Elector of Hesse went up to him and whispered in his ear:

"My dear Prince, won't you speak to the gentleman along with the rest? Don't you know who he is?"
"No."
"It is Baron Rothschild."
"What of that? He is nothing to me. I don't owe the fellow anything."—*Zeitungs.*

A SON of a dignified Hartford man, although not old in years, has a good bit of age in his brains.

The family observe the custom of silent blessing at the table, and at dinner recently the six-year-old spoke up:

"Why don't you say it aloud, pa?"
"You can say it aloud if you choose, my son," replied the father, and bowing his head solemnly the little fellow originated this unique grace:
"God have mercy on these victuals."—*New York Tribune.*

CITY SPORTSMAN: Have you seen anything worth shooting at around here?

FARMER: Well, no; not till you came.—*Somerville Journal.*

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At a recent dinner in New York city a prominent southern woman present remarked in the course of a conversation touching upon the famous statesman, that it "was almost wicked in Charles Sumner to have married. He was so deeply in love with himself," she continued, "that his marriage was little short of bigamy."—*Argonaut.*

HUSBAND: Do you know that every time a woman gets angry she adds a new wrinkle to her face?

WIFE: No, I did not; but if it is so, I presume it is a wise provision of nature to let the world know what sort of a husband the woman has.

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ELLEN: Have you always loved your brother?

MAUDE: Yes, but I can't say that I really appreciated him till I began to wear shirt waists, stand-up collars and four-in-hand ties.—*Chicago Record.*

"These changes in the weather are bothering me to death," said the amateur singer.

"Why?"

"When I have a cold I'm bass, and when I get well I'm a tenor. I can never tell whether to practice 'Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep' or 'Sally in Our Alley.'"—*Ex.*

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NOTICE

AUTOGRAPH OF

Stewart Hartshorn

THE GENUINE

HARTSHORN

He stood for some minutes in front of a letter-box in a World's Fair building, twirling his thin chin-whisker meditatively in his fingers.

"There's the slot," he mused, observantly.

"But there's nothing to tell you what you get after you put your nickel in."—*Chicago Record.*

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MABEL: What made you get so red and embarrassed just before you went out of the room just now?

MARIE: If I tell you, don't breathe it to a soul. You know the clock on my stocking?

"Yes."

"Well, it had run down."—*Club.*

FIRST SMALL BOY (in front of the dime museum): I wish I was a copper, so I could sneak into all the shows.

SECOND DITTO: H'm. I wish I was a freak. Then I could sit all day and see all the other freaks for nothing.—*Boston Transcript.*

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Dr. William George Ward, the eminent theologian, was much disturbed at the congratulations his friends sent him upon the birth of his first son. They made him seriously angry. "I have been for years," he said, "doing valuable intellectual work at Oxford and in this place which few men have the knowledge or ability to do, and no one ever wrote to congratulate me. I have a son—a thing any man may do—and I receive fifty or a hundred letters of congratulation. It is intolerably absurd." It had always been the habit in the Ward family, if two relatives differed strongly, to arrange not to be on speaking terms. Dr. Ward was once asked how much he had known of his father's first cousin, Sir Henry Ward. He replied quite gravely: "I only saw him twice—once as a boy, when he came to see my father, and then again I had an interview with him about a matter of business soon after I came into my property. We arranged at the end of it not to be on speaking terms," quite a superfluous arrangement, as Sir Henry Ward lived at that time in Ceylon, of which he was governor, and, in fact, never came again to England for a prolonged visit. Dr. Ward and his brother Henry had been estranged for a year or so, and one night they met at the Haymarket Theatre. Each of them had for the moment quite forgotten the quarrel and friendly greetings passed, and a talk about the play. Next morning came a letter from Henry Ward. "DEAR WILLIAM: In the hurry of the moment to-night, I quite forgot that we had arranged to meet as strangers and I write this lest you should misunderstand me to say I think we had better adhere to our arrangement, and I remain, dear William, your affectionate brother, HENRY WARD." Dr. Ward replied: "DEAR HENRY: I, too, had forgotten our arrangement. I agree with you that we had better keep to it, and I remain, your affectionate brother, W. G. WARD."—*Argonaut.*

Whenever there was to be an examination at school little black Sammy generally had a sudden attack of illness. This time, however, his memory turned traitor, so he found himself an unwilling victim. The questions were unusually hard that day, and Sammy felt that he was doomed. His only hope was that the teacher would not call him up; but even this began to vanish, and when at last he heard his name Sammy arose with the air of a martyr.

"Now, Sammy," began the teacher, "I want you to tell me in which battle Lord Nelson was killed."

Sammy was in despair, but he must prove himself equal to the emergency, "Did you say Lord Nelson?" he asked, cautiously.

"Yes."

"Which battle?"

"Yes. In which battle was he killed?"

"Wal," said Sammy, with apparent surprise at such an easy question, "I 'specs it must er be'n his last."—*Boston Budget.*

OLD LADY (to druggist): I want a box of canine pills.

DRUGGIST: What is the matter with the dog?

OLD LADY (indignantly): I want you to know, sir, that my husband is a gentleman. Druggist puts up some quinine pills in profound silence.—*Boston Home Journal.*

TEACHER: Explain Caesar's meaning in the line, "Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?"

PUPIL: I think it means that Brutus knelt down with his boots off.

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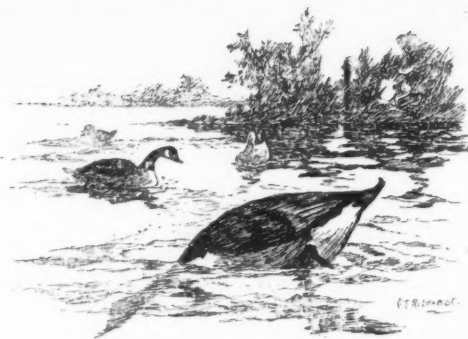
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